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MIGHTY SICK!

PUCK to TAMMANY TIGER.—My disreputable friend, another attack of *Fassettus Ivinsis* will just about finish you.



PUCK,

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 4th, 1890. — No. 691.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IN 1888, the vote for Mayor in New York City was:

HEWITT, County Democracy,	71,979
ERHARDT, Republican,	73,937
United Labor and Prohibition Candidates,	10,641 — 155,657
GRANT, Tammany Candidate,	114,111

Majority over Tammany vote, 41,546

And who was elected in 1888? Hugh J. Grant, Tammany Candidate. Who elected him? The Republicans, the United Labor men, and the Prohibitionists. Let there be no misunderstanding about this. The Prohibitionists cast a vote of 832, and the United Laborers polled under 10,000 votes. It was the Republicans who settled the matter. They were in a minority, with one hundred and twenty-three thousand majority against them, and they could no more have elected their candidate than they could have swum up the Falls of Niagara. Knowing this fact, they threw their vote away on an impossible Republican candidate. And now a legislative committee is investigating the peculiar government of a Tammany Mayor, and the good Republican citizens who voted for Mr. Joel B. Erhardt — and, to all intents and purposes, for Mr. Hugh J. Grant, — are howling about the iniquity of Tammany, and crying upon their fellow-citizens to condemn it.

Why, in the name of common sense? You might as well condemn the Devil for having a tail. Why should we look for a good city government from Tammany Hall? For one, and for one only reason. When Mayor Grant was elected, there was some man — we know not who, we probably never shall know his name — who had the large wisdom to suggest that if Tammany gave us a good and popular government, the citizens of New York would make no objection to Tammany's distribution of the spoils of victory, and would ask few questions about the expenditure of the public moneys. This would have been a good and practical policy for Tammany. It would have fastened Tammany rule upon this city so firmly that it could not have been unfastened in a generation. It was a policy that would have been accepted by the average citizen of New York — to his shame be it said. It was a policy founded upon plain business sense. But it was a policy that Tammany had not brains enough or nerve enough to follow. Tammany got control of the city government, and Tammany gave us the same old Tammany government that we have known since the early days of Boss Kelly's boss-ship — since earlier days, indeed, when the rioters of 1863 sacked our houses and hanged negroes to the lamp-posts.

We can not feel astonished at finding that the gang of unprincipled adventurers who rule the counsels of Tammany Hall are maladministering the city government. What was to be expected of them? If they tried to govern the city well, they would not know how. And as no one expects them to try to govern the city well, and as they never have tried, it seems more or less absurd to rise up in indignant surprise when they govern the city infamously ill. It is true that Mayor Grant, by various advantages of education and association, knows far better than a waif of fortune like Bourke Cockrane or an improved corner-loafer like Dick Croker, what an honest city government ought to be; and if he had had ten cents' worth of nerve, he would have dictated Tammany's policy instead of letting Tammany dictate his. But Mayor Grant has shown that he is made of no better metal than any other tool of Tammany; and so, in spite of his initial respectability and his fair protestations, Tammany must be judged by the old Tammany standard with which we are all familiar.

Judged by that standard, we know that Tammany government means bad government. To put New York City in Tammany's charge is to saddle New York City with a thoroughly bad government. And yet we are doing this very thing, on every possible occasion. There are seventy-two thousand people who fight against this betrayal of the city's right. There are seventy-three thousand who consent to it at election time, and who cry out against it as soon as they have made the betrayal possible. There are more than ten thousand who aid these illogical, unreasonable and unpatriotic seventy-three thousand voters. Where lies the responsibility for the miscarriage and wreck of honest government?

With the horde of political adventurers who shape the course of Tammany Hall? No. They act after their kind. They have no conception of government except as a scheme for turning public business to their own private profit. There is no earthly reason why they should have any higher idea of the governmental function. They are incapable of a higher idea. But how about the seventy-three thousand estimable citizens who, by casting their votes for the impossible Republican candidate, put these adventurers in power, year after year? If Tammany misgovernment in New York is wrong, shameful, disgraceful — *who put it there?*

Once upon a time, very, very many years ago, there dwelt in Sherwood Forest in England a band of merry outlaws led by a gentleman named Robin Hood. England at that time was in the control of the descendants of the barons for whose benefit William the Conqueror had confiscated all the fat offices and estates in the country. These robber barons, for they were nothing else, held the people at large in complete subjection and so increased their power and possessions by a system of grievous taxation and exaction, that the nominal ruler of the kingdom was little more than a figure-head, a puppet in the hands of the men who controlled all the resources of the country, and to whose wealth and influence he owed his own position at the head of the government.

Robin Hood and his band made a bold stand against this system. They roved about the forest and waylaid the trains of plunder that were constantly passing to the strongholds of the robber barons. After satisfying their own frugal needs, they would distribute the rest of the booty among the unfortunate people from whom it had been wrested under various pretexts of tithes, taxes, imposts, excise, customs, duties, and tribute. It is needless to say that by these methods Robin Hood made himself exceedingly popular, and incurred the hatred of the robber barons, who, however much they might prey upon one another, were always united when it came to the question of oppressing the tradesfolk and the farmers.

At last death came to Robin as it must come to all; but the principles of freedom and independence which he had instilled still lived and grew in the minds of the people until the barons became alarmed and stated that Robin Hood had not died, and set up an imitation Robin Hood in the forest. This false Robin so resembled the old Robin, and protested so loudly that he was the friend of the poor and the enemy of the monopolistic barons, that many of the people believed in him and flocked to his standard. But while the counterfeit Robin was professing all these glorious principles, he was in reality levying upon the small resources of those who blindly believed in him, and turning the proceeds over to the robber barons whose tool and accomplice he was.

But gradually the people began to find that instead of growing richer, they were growing poorer, while the barons were increasing in wealth and arrogance. And at last the pseudo Robin became so confident and careless that the people saw through the imposition that had been practised on them, and they arose in their might, and deposed their false leader, and then turned their attention to the robber barons. And as they largely outnumbered their oppressors, in a very short time they humbled their proud pretensions in the dust, and every citizen enjoyed an equal privilege in gaining a sufficient livelihood from a fertile and prosperous country, according to the capability and industry that he possessed. This is a truer story than it may appear at first reading.



IN THE PRESS GALLERY.

AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT. — Is that Senator Blair making a speech?

OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT. — I guess so; that speech will never be the making of him.



A MINISTERING ANGEL.

TIME, 9 a. m. MR. and MRS. FIDGET, rising from breakfast.

MR. FIDGET (*dully*).—I don't think I'll go down to the office this morning, Nervia. I've a slight headache.

MRS. FIDGET (*excited*).—O Roscoe, have you? Does it hurt, Roscoe? I noticed that you did n't seem well; and now you look ghastly. Which side is it on—or is it both sides? Oh, I know you're going to be ill!

MR. FIDGET.—It's nothing but a little headache—that's everything it is—and if I lie down I'll be all right by noon. Just let me—

MRS. FIDGET (*clapping her hands*).—Oh, yes, yes; you must lie down at once. Here, on the sofa; and I'll pull down all the curtains, and we'll have the doctor at once; and, while we're waiting, Jane shall make you some gruel, and you must take medicine immediately. Jane! Jane!

MR. FIDGET (*flinging himself on sofa*).—Botheration!

MRS. FIDGET (*almost in tears*).—Roscoe, you're feeling worse—you are, you are! Jane! Jane! Run for the doctor, for goodness gracious sake! No; first bring me the arnica bottle, some ammonia, and—no; don't do that first—heat two or three towels and a brick—no, no; before that make a mustard plaster, and bring in a tub of boiling hot water!

MR. FIDGET (*groaning*).—Heavens, I shall go crazy!

MRS. FIDGET (*rushing to him*).—You poor dear, you're suffering awfully, are n't you? Let me cover you up with this afghan. You're going to have a chill, I know you are!

MR. FIDGET (*kicking off afghan and sitting up*).—Nervia, will you leave me alone, please! If I can only be quiet an hour or two—

MRS. FIDGET (*oblivious*).—Oh, dear, oh, dear, I can't remember!—It's either a headache that brings on some disease which begins with "p," or else some disease which begins with "d" that brings on a headache—one of the two—and I know he's got it, whichever it is!

MR. FIDGET (*sinking back on sofa*).—Great guns! I shall have a brain fever, anyhow, if this keeps on!

MRS. FIDGET (*paroxysmally*).—O Roscoe, did n't your aunt say, when she called here three months ago last Tuesday afternoon, that your great-uncle Amos died of creeping paralysis, complicated with—there, I recollect now! It's paralysis which begins with "p"; but what is the other disease which begins with "d"? Dyspepsia, dyspnoea—(*screaming*.) O Jane, Jane, why don't you make that gruel, and heat the three towels and the brick?

MR. FIDGET.—Merciful powers! (*Stonily*.) Nervia, if you've a remnant of sense left, listen to me one instant. I've nothing but a slight headache. I want to take a nap. I want to be left alone. And I want to be let alone!

MRS. FIDGET (*anxiously*).—Are your feet cold, Roscoe?

MR. FIDGET (*gruffly*).—No!

MRS. FIDGET (*reflectively*).—They should be, if it's paralysis. But

perhaps this is the other thing which begins with "d." Warm feet are probably a symptom of that. Roscoe!

MR. FIDGET (*pretty surlily*).—Wuh?

MRS. FIDGET (*in deep thought*).—My cousin Alfred did n't have paralysis—which is what reminds me of it—but something that made him shout "Murder!" and kick the foot-board off the bed when the doctor tried to examine his tongue—he got well again, you know, and borrowed thirty-five dollars of you last week—and they cured him with electricity—well, I was wondering whether we might n't use the telephone somehow on you, or that burglar-alarm you had put on the drawing-room windows—but we might all be blown up together if we tried it, and so—

MR. FIDGET (*sotto voce*).—I never knew her quite up to this before!

MRS. FIDGET (*taking a new tack*).—Roscoe, how's your pulse? Let me feel it. One, two, three, four—oh, dear, I've lost count, and don't know whether that last one was seven or eight—and, oh, Roscoe, do you remember whether the normal pulse is ten a minute or one hundred and seventeen? Somebody I used to know had one, and another person had the other—which is right I can't say—only they both died, that I'm certain of. Oh, gracious me, what shall I do?

MR. FIDGET (*striving for calmness*).—Don't do any thing—go off—leave me in peace—in heaven's name, stop fussing!

MRS. FIDGET (*in a fresh fit*).—Roscoe, are you getting delirious? Your head's growing hotter and hotter! Your face is as red as a beet! Why does n't Jane go for the doctor? I've done everything I can think of; indeed I have! And she has n't even made the gruel yet—what can that girl be doing? And if he's going out of his mind, he ought to have somebody to restrain him; truly he ought! Oh, where's that mustard plaster? Roscoe, can you think of any men who'd be willing to come and hold you down in bed? We might send to the police station, or to the Commissioners of Lunacy—

MR. FIDGET (*bouncing up with a jerk*).—I'm well! Confound it, I've got to be well! Do you hear, Nervia? Headache's all gone—flown—vanished—disappeared! Bring my boots, Jane! I'm well, I tell you, Nervia!

MRS. FIDGET (*in joyful agitation*).—Are you, really, Roscoe? Are you sure? Oh, I'm so glad that I've nursed you so successfully! But perhaps you'd better take the gruel and arnica, all the same, and have some hot water poured on your spine—

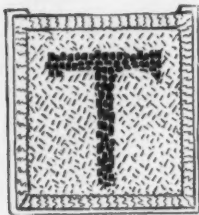
MR. FIDGET (*in a hurry*).—I can catch my train now if I run. Yes; you're an excellent nurse, Nervia—a splendid one! Boots, Jane!

JANE (*entering*).—Here they be, sor. Oi've been puttin' a taste o' blackin' onto 'em all this while, for Oi knew ye'd want 'em ixtramey soon—wid the misthress a-noarsin' of ye, sor!

MRS. FIDGET (*proudly*).—Indeed he would! For I brought you through safely, did n't I, Roscoe?

Manley H. Pike.

IN SPITE OF THE FUNNY MAN.



THEATRE HATS are n't always high,
In spite of the funny man;
And hayseed chaps are sometimes fly,
In spite of the funny man.
Her father's dog 's not always wild;
Sometimes you find a well-bred child;
And mothers-in-law are sometimes mild,
In spite of the funny man.

Prohibitionists don't always yearn to drink,
In spite of the funny man;
And the dude occasionally thinks a think,
In spite of the funny man.
Chicago feet are n't huge at all;
The plumber's bill is sometimes small;
And messenger boys don't always crawl,
In spite of the funny man.

The poets don't have to live on air,
In spite of the funny man;
Those front-row men sometimes have hair,
In spite of the funny man.
Sometimes a brand new joke is sprung;
Sometimes the ballet-girl is young;
And sometimes wives are not all tongue,
In spite of the funny man.

Society girls at balls wear clothes,
In spite of the funny man;
Sometimes a man pays what he owes,
In spite of the funny man.
Sometimes the typewriter 's plain in face;
Sometimes the church-deacon 's not at the race;
In fact, this world 's quite a decent place,
In spite of the funny man.

Gertrude Evans King.



UNSATIATED.

CHARMING PASSENGER (to ENGINEER, who has taken his train over the bridge just as the last span went down, a few hundred feet back).—Oh, you dear, sweet, delightful man, you! You've saved our lives!

THE ENGINEER (gaspng joyfully).—Y-Y-Yes, Ma'am; and there 's another weak bridge about two miles this side of Pullout. Hope I 'll see you there, Ma'am!



ADAPTING HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

MURPHY.—Is it a Barney's Circus yure givin' us?

DRISCOLL (coming down).—It 's not. Th' chrazy fool av a morthar-boss pit th' ladder ag'in th' buildin' upside down.

WELTER-WEIGHTED.

FRIEND.—You say here, "he lay bathed in his blood." Would n't it be better to say "weltering in his blood?"

NOVELIST.—Well, that 's a little old; but perhaps it would be weltering it in.

TOO SENSITIVE.

M. FARQUHAR BUTTS.—That editor insulted me.

JOHN SMITH.—How?

M. FARQUHAR BUTTS.—I asked him for my poems, and he told the boy to give me my verses.

A PLACE OF SAFETY.

DETECTIVE (to DELAWARE DICK, on Pennsylvania north-bound train).—Now I've got you! Stop the train, Conductor!

DELAWARE DICK (coolly, to pal).—Be calm, pard; we 'll be over into New Jersey before she stops.

AN APPROPRIATE QUESTION.

HOFFMAN HOWES.—Rocky, old boy, my heart is lacerated.

ROCKAWAY BEECHE.—Yes. And who is the lass?

HE KNEW.

EMPLOYER (to APPLICANT).—Do you understand any thing about machinery?

APPLICANT.—You bet!

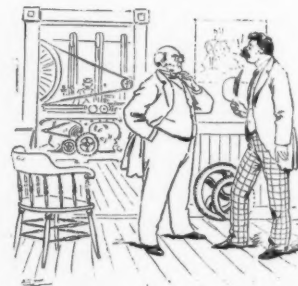
EMPLOYER.—What was your occupation?

APPLICANT.—Ward politician.

ITS CHURN WILL COME.

"I'm sorry to see you so agitated," said the churn-dasher to the cream.

"Oh, never mind—I'll be butter soon."



ALL HANDS UP.

LAWYER.—There is no hand so dear to me
As the hand that bears the biggest fee.

WAITER.—The hand I like the best to grip
Is the hand that holds a handsome tip.

LOVER.—The hand I love is soft and white,
With one small golden ring bedight.

JACKPOT.—More common-sense, and less of gush!
My hold 's an ace high royal flush.

HABITS OF OBSERVATION.

TO BE AN intelligent and well-informed person—a man of ideas—it is not essentially necessary that one should have had superior educational advantages. Many an uneducated man has been elected to the legislature four times, solely because he possessed a fund of practical information acquired simply by noting carefully the scenes and incidents of every-day life, labelling them and tucking them away in his mind for future use.

Ordinary events are unnoticed or soon forgotten by the majority of men; they require the thunder of a Niagara to arrest their attention, while the quiet, observing man experiences keenest delight merely in the placid flowing of a mint julep through a straw.

The importance of early forming habits of close observation should be impressed upon the children. Let the boys go out for a walk, and on their return question them as to what they have seen; something as the tutor questioned Robert and William in the familiar dialogue called, "Eyes and No Eyes." Observing William would probably describe one or two incidents of a walk in New York city something like this:

TUTOR.—Well, William, where have you been?

WILLIAM.—I have been downtown, sir; past the City Hall to the Battery, along the East River, and so home again.

TUTOR.—Perhaps you will describe to me what you saw.

WILLIAM.—That I will, readily. As I walked down Broadway I saw a street-car, drawn by two horses, one twelve years old and the other fifteen hands high. They were driven by a stoutish person of Irish descent, who had been perhaps eighteen months in this country. This driver appeared to be excessively annoyed by the trucks which frequently obstructed the tracks, and he leaned far over the dashboard, vigorously working the brake with his right hand, and lustily blowing a shrill whistle. If a truck-driver looked back at him and smiled calmly, he would become very much excited, whistle and slam on the dashboard, and look around for a policeman; then, when the truck swerved to one side he would loosen the brake, shake out the lines and urge his horses forward, while he kept his eager eyes fixed on the next truck ahead. Fat men would step off the sidewalk, quietly raise an arm with one finger extended, and then look at the car in blank astonishment as it flew past. Ladies would wave parasols and lift their garments, ready to step upon the platform, and then go back to the sidewalk and wait for the next car. Why would not this car stop, sir?

TUTOR.—Street-cars have the right of way, and the drivers are eternally afraid that somebody will question it. Hence the concentration of their attention upon the trucks. It is this constant and terrible nervous strain, William, which makes the lot of the street-car driver a hard one.

WILLIAM.—But are they not supposed to stop for passengers?

TUTOR.—Not when they are trying to overtake a truck.

WILLIAM.—As I walked through City Hall Park, I saw two men sitting on one of the benches. They were of medium height, both had dark hair and eyes, and one of them, I think, shaves himself. As I approached, one arose and said to the other: 'Well, good-by, George, if I don't see you again.' And the other, taking the speaker's extended hand, said:

"Good-by, John; good luck to you! Which way are you going?"

"Uptown!"

"Well, I'm going uptown, too." So they shook hands cordially, and walked away together.

TUTOR.—Yes; people do that way sometimes.

You see what I mean. Robert walked over this same ground, but saw nothing except the *Herald* bulletin, where he learned that the New Yorks had been beaten by the Philadelphias. He found the walk very dull, and made the best of his way home. William, on the contrary, used his eyes and acquired ideas. Everything he saw he remembered, and he can bore his friends for weeks, telling them about it.

I do not know where William will finally fetch up; but such boys as Robert, who see nothing, hear nothing, learn nothing, will never be fitted for any position in life other than that of ticket clerk in a railroad station.

Morris Waite.

YOU CAN TELL THE CLOTHES, THOUGH.

ANXIOUS ESCAPED PRISONER.—We must get these stripes off, or we'll be caught, sure.

PHILOSOPHICAL DITTO DITTO.—No, we won't. You can't tell a man by his clothes.

"DO YOU KNOW, Mrs. Soshaleeder claimed that dress was from Worth, when it was made right here in New York! Of course, we soon found her out."

"Yes, truth crushed to Worth shall rise again."

MOST CREATURES are entirely harmless when they are asleep. But the moth does the most mischief when it is taking a nap.

IF IT BE TRUE that true love never dies, how can there be a corse of true love?

THE DEFINITE ARTICLE has settled itself down to a pretty definite sort of thing in this country. What would a Pension Commissioner say if the ghost of George Washington were to arise and remark: "I served in THE war!"

A WOMEN WHO CAN'T sing up to high C can reach it easily enough when she is scolding. Nature is more powerful than art.

IT is probably because love makes the world go 'round that it makes so many people so giddy.

HARD ALL AROUND.

MISS CHATTER.—It must have been very difficult for those old Egyptians to write all that on the hard stone.

MR. FAX.—It's not a marker to the difficulty we Americans have had in reading it.

WHEN A MAN dubs himself "Fatalist" you can bet he is in hard luck. Good luck, as all the world knows, comes only by chance.

TAMMANY IS A good deal like Babel. It is falling amid much confusion of tongues.

"PAPA, may I go out to yacht?"

"Yes, my darling Sonny; But near the water venture not, Lest you should sink my money!"



Would You Have Believed It?

BUDLONG.—Hello, old man! Where now?

CADWALTERS (*English in everything excepting birth*).—I'm off for Pelham to put in a week with the Opplents, and me stupid man forgot to put me hat-box with the luggage.



THE CORNER SALOON-KEEPER (a few seconds later).—

You owed me for a pint yesterday.

CADWALTERS.—Well, I'll pay you for that one, don't you know, and let this one stand. Thanks, awfully.



ONE OF THE TELEPHONE CASES.

CHAPTER I.

WHILE, THE OTHER MORNING, Mr. Frost was sitting in his private office, there entered upon him two of the friends of his youth. These gentlemen were from another city, and it was quite a reunion. Mr. Frost became so much interested that he denied himself to several parties who came to present bills. He said to his friends that he would let those deals lie over.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Frost was in her boudoir. In a thoughtless moment Mr. Frost had said that she might have a thousand dollars for the Summer campaign, and Mrs. Frost was figuring. She put down about seven hundred dollars worth of plunder, and sighed. But quickly she reflected that she would have had to have this stuff, anyhow. Jim could not expect her to pay for them out of her own money. So she drew a line through her total, and agreed that now, with everything provided, and a thousand dollars left, she would be easily able to get a great many things that the family could not otherwise have afforded. It was very gratifying to have this all down in plain figures. Then she wondered if Frost would obey her injunction to go to the hotel and bring to lunch her Mama, who boarded there. She wished to parade her financiering.

CHAPTER III.

We will now return to Mr. Frost. With masculine vigor of mind he waited till about lunch time, and then invited his friends to lunch. They testified their emotion in manly fashion by accepting. After some further talk, Frost suggested that it would be a good scheme to telephone his wife. "I think I better telephone Hattie you will be up, so that she won't be taken quite by surprise."

"Hullo," he telephoned, "is that you? Well, say—is that you? Well, I'm going to bring a couple of friends up to lunch. Yes, Jones and Dyer; I'm going to bring them to lunch—"

"Here, there, Frost," cried one of the friends; "I'll bet you a hat you don't dare let me hear what your wife says to that."

"Done," yelled Frost back, with great spirit; "done, my boy." And he resigned his place at the telephone. The mirthful friend took his position, and listened.

"Can't you go to the hotel?" began Mrs. Frost over the wire. The gay friend turned pale.

"What is the matter?" asked Frost, ill at ease.

"Nothing," said the friend, very coolly;

"but we will not intrude to-day."

"Some mistake," said Frost, and he cried through the telephone: "What did you say?"

"Can't you go to the hotel and bring Mama up, too?"

But the explanation came too late. The two men had gone.

CHAPTER IV.

And that day they told all their friends of the incivility they had received; whereat the friends shook their heads and announced that "men" lost by acting as Frost's wife had. Accordingly, when they told the



DUX FEMINA.

ETHEL REDDY.—Mama, won't you please ask Dr. Doce to look at my little sick ducklings?

MRS. REDDY.—No, no; run away! Dr. Doce is n't a bird doctor.

ETHEL REDDY.—Well, Papa said last night he was a quack doctor.

story afterward, they put it in as a particular point that they had gone to Frost's office for the especial purpose of letting him into a splendid thing on the ground floor, and that they had only consented to go to lunch in order to talk the thing over; they said they did n't know that people went to Frost's house for any particular entertainment. In later versions, they added that the thing had already realized, and they figured Frost just three thousand dollars out. Afterward, they said four thousand dollars, and six thousand dollars, as they got the swing of the narrative. When they had the story perfected, they used to end by saying that probably eight thousand dollars was very little to Frost, but still it was something—probably enough to pay for the lunch. And people said, "Yes,"

in a tone as if, having possessed all sums of money from one dollar to one million, they were good judges of what "something" is.

After a time Frost heard of what his friends had been about to offer him; and he was sick at heart until a man named Johnson came to him and told him that what his friends really wanted was to borrow three thousand dollars of him to put into an enterprise that had since failed.

Williston Fish.

THE YOUNG CESNOLA.



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

DISTICHS.



THE BOOKKEEPER sits at the desk and grins like
the felis of Cheshire —
He dreams of the moons when the office on
Saturday closes at 3.

Lucky the man who can go on a fine sunny day
to the races —
But luckier, luckier he who puts not a cent on
the race.

The small boy, though never so proud, will stoop till
his freckled nose touches
The dust, to observe through a hole in the paling a
game of base-ball.

We're happy when out of the sky the rain fills the dry, dusty cistern;
We're sad when the heaven-born rain we skyward pump into the tank.

On the desk of the bookkeeper stands a goblet of creamiest roses.
The bookkeeper, lost in a dream, indites "Mary Jane" on his cuffs.

Oh, where shall we go to — Patchogue, Secaucus, Long Branch,
Campobello,
Narragansett, Lake George, Ha-Ha Bay, or Siasconset, or Kennebunkport?

Oh, this is the Poet's moon, when the lily's a chalice of dewdrops
And over the velvety green the lawn-mower rattles and bangs.

The roses are red on the tree, and the dude, walking 'round in the city,
Exhibits wherever he goes his lawn tennis bat in his hand.

Hurrah for the season of gold, the luscious voluptuous Summer,
With its sandal of fawn, and its sash, and its shirt made of flannel or silk!

Oh, rumpetty tumpetty tum, oh, rumpetty tumpetty tumpy,
Oh, rumpetty tumpy tumpy, oh, rumpetty tumpetty tum!

R. K. M.

A WICKED PLOT.

FIRST POET.—I am going to get even with the editor of the *Nogood Magazine*.

SECOND POET.—How?

FIRST POET.—I've sent him a poem, and I've poisoned the mucilage
on the return envelope.



AT OUR STORE.

FLOOR-WALKER.—Now, Miss Crimps, go at once to
your end of the counter, and remain there! Don't let me tell
you more than a hundred times, either.

CASH, No. 77.—Bluebeard's lost another dollar-bill
on th' races!



APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

OLD ISAACS (to his LAWYER, who wants an office-boy).
—And I can gif you mine word of honor, you fill be satisfight
mit ihm. He is a good boy, an industrious boy, a smart boy,
and an honest boy. T're is n't a crooked hair on his head!

SETTLED.

PASSENGER (in railroad car).—Yes, sir; this idle discussion of the
tariff question is done, and the thing is settled for a generation, at least.
As the *New York Sun* says — (to PORTER) what a beastly row those fel-
lows in the smoking compartment are carrying on! They won't let a fellow
sleep. What in thunder are they talking about?

PORTER.—They 's argyin' about de tariff, sah.

AND STILL THEY ARE RIGHT.

REEDER.—You funny men get 'way off sometimes. Look at that
messenger-boy — running like a deer!

DE RUYTER.—Oh, well, you know they're all on strike now.

THE CENSUS BUREAU, Fitzsimmons, is a collector of facts that you never
can get at until they are out of date.

TOM PLATT still sings "At the battle of denial I am there all de whial."

THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT is no friend of American humor.
If its recent decision about original packages puts an end to the pro-
hibition idiocy, it deprives us of one of our stock jokes.

MR. WANAMAKER DOES N'T believe in newspaper talk; that is, outside
of the advertising columns.

AGAIN THE NEWSPAPERS are indulging in flings at the personal appear-
ance of George Washington. An old lady in Germantown alleges
that he had "a delicate Chinese mug." She claims to have seen it.

IT IS ALWAYS the same story. The tariff is put on to benefit some
individual. Now it's a duty on steel

rails, to help Carnegie; and now
it's a duty on eggs, to help Mr.
R. B. Hayes. They all come in
for a whack at it. But you see
the hen is just like the working-
man. The tariff on eggs does n't
help the hen. It can't increase
her wages; she 'il lay about the
same number of eggs, anyhow. It's
only when she looks around her
that she finds less eggs for setting
purposes. That's the way her in-
dustry is encouraged. But it's a
great thing for Rutherford, be-
cause he buys hens and sells eggs.



AN OBJECTION TO THE NUDE IN ART.



Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Bldg. N.Y.

ROBIN HOOD WITH
The Old Robin Hood robbed the Rich to Give to the Poor. Our Politic

PUCK.



ROBIN HOOD WITH A DIFFERENCE.
The Poor. Our Political Robin Hood and his Gang rob the Poor to give to the Rich.



Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

ROBIN HOOD WITH

The Old Robin Hood robbed the Rich to Give to the Poor. Our Politicians



D WITH A DIFFERENCE.

poor. Our Political Robin Hood and his Gang rob the Poor to give to the Rich.



"THOSE DERNED CITY WAYS."

MRS. TREDIGEE (*as the sugar comes along*).—Use the tongs, Cousin!

MR. HONKS.—Why, 't ain't hot, is it?

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.



ONCE UPON A TIME a beautiful princess was born, and the king and queen invited all the chief nobles in the land to be present at her christening. Moreover, as it was the king's intention to spare no expense in making the occasion an enjoyable and memorable one, he enlisted for his infant daughter the services of no less than seven fairy god-mothers, although one had previously been considered sufficient at similar royal ceremonies.

Now, there was one fairy called Trickery, who had not been invited, because the king believed, or at least hoped, that she was dead and buried; but she made her appearance just as they were sitting down to table, and they were obliged to welcome her with the best grace they could.

Then the fairies began to endow the princess with qualities suitable to her station. One gave her a power greater than that of all the armies of the earth; another declared that she should bring freedom and happiness to mankind; a third said that the hopes of all future generations should be centred in her; and so they all offered their good wishes until it came the turn of the fairy Trickery, who was feeling angry because she had not been invited. She shook her head maliciously, and declared that the princess would hurt herself with a spindle, and die of the wound.

These words filled everyone with dismay; but a lovely young fairy called Hope stepped forward, and said:

"Alas! I can not altogether undo what the other fairy has done, but I can so change the fate of the princess that, instead of dying, she will fall asleep and not waken till a king's son comes to kiss her, and whisper a magic word in her ear."

The beautiful young princess grew up, guarded with the greatest care, until she had reached her fifteenth year; and during all this time she had never even seen a spindle. One day, however, as she was wandering about her father's palace, she found an old woman spinning. She had never seen a distaff or spindle before in her life, and now she was filled with a desire to try to spin, herself, and so she asked the old woman to permit her to attempt to learn.

Now, this old woman was really the bad fairy in disguise, who had been sent to the palace by a great manufacturer's trust, in order that the princess, whom they feared and hated, might be made away with. No sooner had the Princess Suffrage begun to spin, than the sharp spindle pierced her hand, and she fainted away—a natural result of dealing with large trusts or corporations.

Then the fairy went about the palace, and touched with the wand called Indifference every living thing she could find, and sleep came upon them all. A dense forest of Carelessness and Neglect, whose branches were interwoven with the creepers of Sloth, sprung up about the royal palace where Suffrage, the once peerless and beautiful princess, slept, untended and uncared for.

The wicked fairy pretended that the princess was still exerting herself in behalf of her father's subjects, and even had the temerity to conspire, with the same men from whom she had procured the spindle, to foist upon the public a bogus Suffrage, whom they declared was the real princess. But the more intelligent people were not deceived by their representations, and often when a vain appeal was made to the fraudulent princess to right some wrong, they would shake their heads and say:

"Ah! if we only had our own real Suffrage again, we would have better justice."

So the years rolled on, and still the beautiful princess slumbered in

the great palace, and the forest of Neglect and Carelessness and Sloth became so dense that it seemed impossible to pierce it. Indeed, no one made any attempt to get through the thick, matted growth, for they said to one another:

"What's the use? If you cut down one tree, another grows up in its place; and, besides, how do we know that the sleeping princess is any better than the one we have now?"

Others said:

"Whoever waked her up would get very small thanks for his pains, and the chances were that in a little while those Trust people would get up some new scheme for putting her to sleep again."

At last there came into the kingdom a young prince, journeying, as a knight errant, in search of wrongs to right. The name of this prince was Mugwump, and the fame of his exploits had already gone abroad through the land. He had heard of the Sleeping Beauty, and declared that he would cut his way through the forest to the palace, and awaken her.

His words were greeted with roars of derisive laughter, and straightway the people fell to ridiculing the comely cut of his garments, and his habit of keeping his eyes fixed upon the blue firmament above his head, instead of the mire beneath his feet.

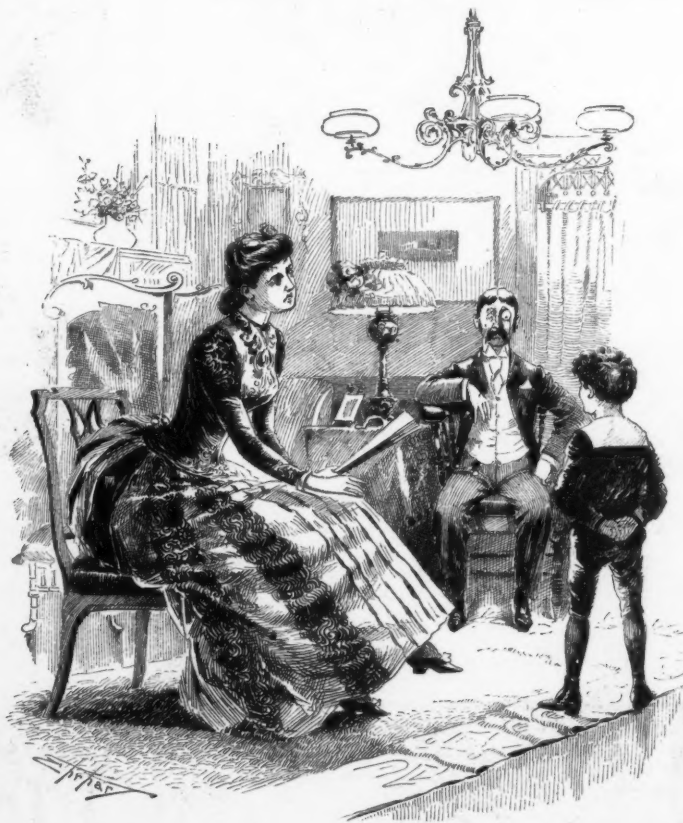
The ignorant people whispered to one another that he was a "college graduate," and used other terms of opprobrium, which, somehow, did not seem to disconcert him very much, for he advanced boldly into the thicket, which echoed back the cries of the people, and with the sword of Honest Purpose in his right hand, carved a broad path through the tangled growth of Sloth and Indifference until he reached the palace gates. And as he disappeared from view, there were one or two among the jeering crowd, who said:

"That dude may be a winner yet."

He entered the palace, and passed on from one stately hall to another until he stood at the bedside of the Sleeping Beauty. Then he bent down and kissed her pale lips, and murmured in her ear the words she had been waiting a hundred years to hear: "Ballot Reform."

And immediately the princess awakened, and at the same time the guards and nobles, the knights and squires and other retainers, who were scattered about the great palace, awoke, too. And the Prince Mugwump and the Princess Suffrage were married that very night, and ruled justly and happily over the kingdom for the rest of their days.

J. L. Ford.



A NATURAL INQUIRY.

MISS BIGGUN.—Come, Willie, it's time little people were in bed.

WILLIE.—What's the matter with Mr. Mite going, too?

One or two teaspoonfuls

FRED. BROWN'S GINGER

with a gill of hot water, sweetened to taste, and swallowed at bed-time, will insure against sudden chills and other accidents of disease.

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For sample send 2 cts. box 645, New York.

THE NATIONAL FAILING.

JACKSON.—I'm going to start a new paper, and I think I'll call it *The Umbrella*.

MERRITT.—Why?

JACKSON.—Because everybody who sees it will take it.

MERRITT.—Yes; people would take it, but they would n't pay for it.—*Portland West Shore*.

30cts. "PUCK'S OPPER BOOK." 30cts.

"You smoke a dark cigar, don't you?"

"Well, not altogether. It is generally light at one end."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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Note the following letter just received by the Company, from the great African explorer, HENRY M. STANLEY.



No goods Genuine unless stamped with THIS TRADE MARK.

VILLA VICTORIA

TELONAH APPOSSO
MARINI, CAIRO

Cairo, 1 Feb'y 1890.

Gentlemen

I am in receipt of your book on 'Health Culture' and have read with interest that portion relating to Tropical Clothing.

I have pleasure in testifying to the excellence of the Jaeger clothing which, during my late journey, I found very good.

Yours faithfully,
Henry M. Stanley

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Fine Calf Laced Grain and Creedmore Waterproof. Our claims for this shoe over all other \$3 shoes: It contains better material. It is more stylish, better fitting, and durable. It gives better general satisfaction. Its great success is due to merit. It can not be duplicated by any other manufacturer. It is the best in the world, and has a larger demand than any other \$3 shoe advertised.

\$5,000 will be paid to any person who will prove the above statements to be untrue.

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Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid*, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

A VALUABLE SUGGESTION.

REV. LONGNECKER.—Dear, I do wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon.

LITTLE TOMMY.—Pa, you want to put the clock right behind the pulpit.—*The Epoch*.

MR. VERITAS wants to know what is meant by "Government Irrigation." It is when members of Congress moisten their throats with "Congress water."—*Norristown Herald*.

Judge Lawrence of the Supreme Court of New York has just decided that Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons have the exclusive right to the Trademark and name of Angostura Bitters, and has granted them an injunction against C. W. Abbott & Co. of Baltimore, restraining them from using that name or putting up goods in imitation of the Angostura Bitters.

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A LONDON poet says: "I fear that Puck is dead—it is so long since man last saw him." What lamentable ignorance! PUCK was never more alive than at present, and thousands of men—and women, too—see the sprightly elf every week. Terms, \$5 a year. Now is the time to subscribe.—*Norristown Herald*.

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KNEW YORK — Richard III. — *Light.*

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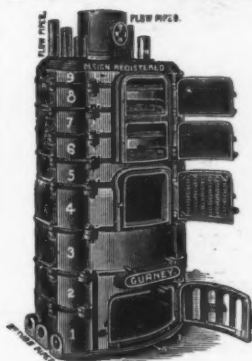
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JINKS.—I understand that you are a prohibitionist.

DRYCUS.—Not a bit of it! I scorn the imputation! I am a total abstainer. — *Lawrence American.*

5th Crop, PICKINGS FROM PUCK. 25c.

A MASSACHUSETTS legislative committee recently decided that "fourteen eggs shall hereafter weigh a pound." The amount of the penalty imposed on a hen that violates this rule by laying sixteen eggs to the pound is not stated. — *Norristown Herald.*

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."—PRICE, \$1.

THE man who said "There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," was evidently trying to encourage lying. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

THERE is no such thing as a new joke; all date from the beginning of things. What a hilarious old chap Adam must have been! — *Martha's Vineyard Herald.*



INFANTILE SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES CURED BY Cuticura

EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP OF INFANCY and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

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Baby's skin and scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

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STANLEY,

writing from Cairo to friends in New York, says: "Whatever I put my hands to, shall be WORTHY of being shown you."



Nearly all of our pleasures may be DOUBLED by sharing them with our friends.—
Moral: When you find a good thing yourself, tell your friends of it.

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SHAVING STICK,

is used with delight by the greatest explorers, by tourists, and travellers, all over the world.

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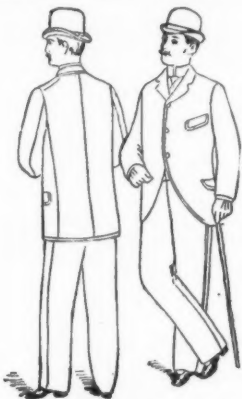


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WHAT, INDEED!

OLDER SISTER (who has been talking of the immortality of the soul).—But you know, dear, it is only the body that they bury.

EFFIE.—Why, what becomes of the head?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

As Stanley is out of a job now, he might look for Boulanger. — *Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

EUGEN D'ALBERT TO WILLIAM KNABE & CO.
(Translation from the German.)

During my sojourn here I had frequent opportunities to make myself acquainted with the Knabe pianos, and from fullest conviction I declare them to be the best instruments of America. Should I return here for artistic purposes—which may be the case very soon—I shall most certainly use the pianos of this celebrated make. I give this testimonial with pleasure, voluntarily, and entirely unsolicited for by the house of Knabe.

EUGEN D'ALBERT.

NEW YORK, May 16th, 1890.

AT THE MET. MUSEUM.

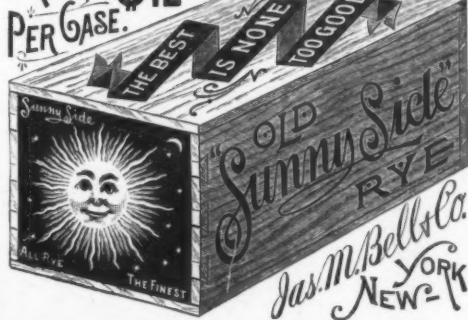
MR. KNICKERBOCKER.—That No. 22 is "The Slaughter of the Innocents," is n't it fine?

MISS PORCINE.—Oh, that's tame, compared to the slaughter of the hogs in my father's packing establishment.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THE prohibition paper in Maine did not intend to perpetrate a joke in saying that "everybody's mouth is full of the original package." Still, it may be swallowed as such in most prohibition states.—*St. Joseph News.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

PRICE \$12.00
PER CASE.



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PICNIC JOYS.

COL. YERGER.—Well, how did you like the picnic?

GILHOOLY.—I was so glad to get home again that I was glad I went.—*Texas Siftings.*

How would it do for the census enumerators to ask every man how he is going to vote this Fall, and to record his preference? That would save a good deal of worry.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

THERE may be "sermons in stones," but don't imagine, friend, that there are "rocks in religion." — *Harvard Lampoon.*

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DELICATE, DELIGHTFUL, LASTING AND ECONOMICAL. Its fragrance is that of the opening buds of Spring. Once used you will have no other.

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FOR some days nearly all the whiskey jokes have come in "original packages." — *Norristown Herald.*

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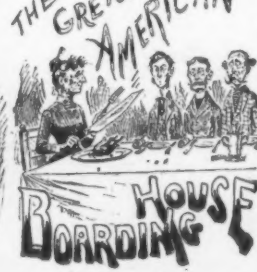
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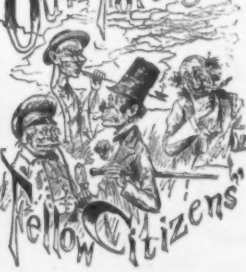
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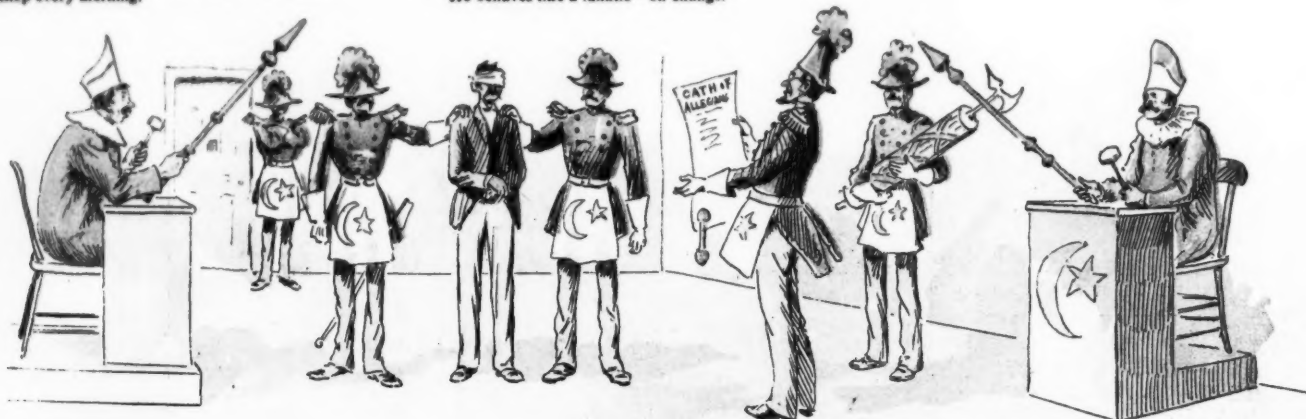
He rushes madly for his car at a heart-disease gallop every morning.



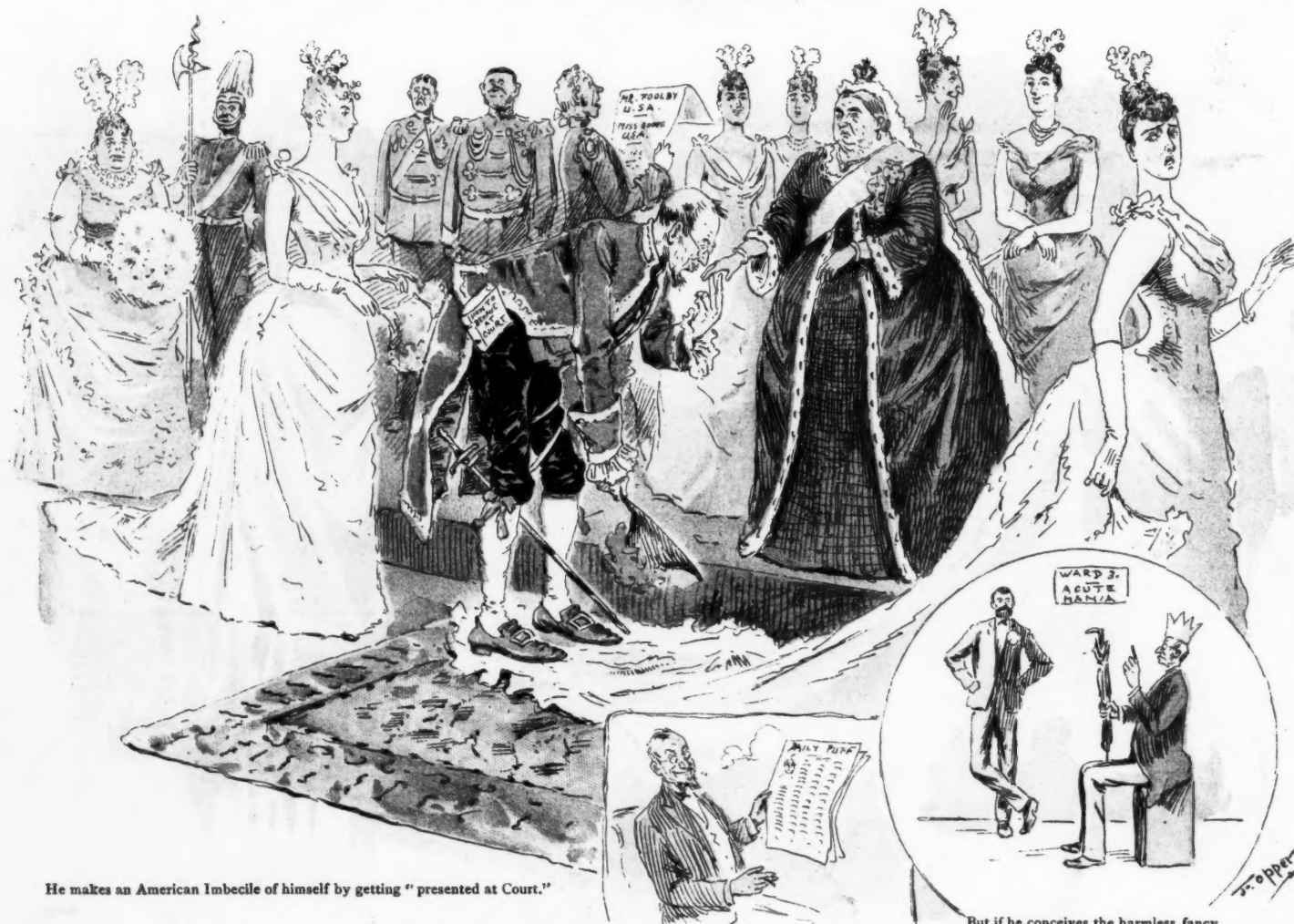
He behaves like a lunatic "on change."



He goes crazy over a game of base-ball.



He joins ridiculous secret societies, and assists at the mummeries of the same.



He makes an American Imbecile of himself by getting "presented at Court."

And the papers speak of him as "one of our sound-minded and clear-headed citizens," and publish his portrait.

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SANE AND INSANE — A SOCIAL STUDY.